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MANZANAR FROM THE INSIDE

By
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(Text of an address delivered before the Commonwealth Club of California, San Francisco, California, July 31, 1942)

FELLOW MEMBERS OF THE COMMONWEALTH CLUB:

In a recent broadcase from Manila, three American internees told how well they are being treated there. In signing off, the announcer said: "What a contrast to the barbarities being inflicted upon the Japanese in California!"

The war is world-wide and our treatment of the Japanese in California has world-wide significance. "It is a token of our good faith; it is a crucial test of the validity of our war objectives."

So I welcome this opportunity to interpret the actuality of a War Relocation Center housing 10,000 evacuees, all of whom are free to listen over the radio to what I shall have to say.

On March first, Mount Williamson looked down upon sage brush and the abandoned apple orchards of Manzanar. By June first there had come into being a city of ten thousand people, a stranger boom town than ever sprang up along the Mother Lode in '49. A phenomenon unique in American history. A camp upon which impinged the barbed shafts of bigotry and qualified Christianity; yet a camp in itself industrious, creative, and even understanding of the military necessity in which it had been sired.

I propose swiftly to outline some things which the eye sees at Manzanar, and then characterize important unseen values involved in the picture.

Housing

There is nothing beautiful about Manzanar except its background of the Sierra Nevada. The sun rising out of Death Valley looks down upon a square mile of barracks arranged in nine great wards separated by wide fire breaks, each made up of four identical blocks. In each block,

sixteen identical buildings 20 x 100 feet, of the simplest board and tar paper construction; what the Army calls the 'Theatre of Operations' type. Fourteen are living quarters, one of double size - a mess hall, the last a recreation hall. In the center of each block are latrines and shower baths with abundant hot water, for men and for women; a wash-house with tubs where clothing can be laundered; an ironing room where they can be dried.

The typical dormitory is divided into four apartments 20 x 25 feet, each housing a family group of four to six; 21 people to the average building, 300 to the block, 36 blocks to house 10,000 people.

The furniture on arrival consisted of an iron cot, a straw filled tick, and three army blankets for each evacuee. Before winter sets in, the government will furnish celotex or similar insulating material so that the inmates can line their own apartments against the cold; and their personal and household effects are to be brought from the warehouses whey they now are stored.

Into these barracks the Wartime Civil Control Administration, chiefly during the months of April and May, poured 10,000 human beings. From Bainbridge Island in Puget Sound some of them came, and fisher folk from Terminal Island; but for the most part Manzanar was filled by evacuees from Los Angeles proper. To understand Manzanar, it is essential at the start to get the overall picture of the make-up of this population group.

Aliens and Citizens

I need not remind the audience that an immigrant born in Japan cannot become an American citizen, with one very special exception to be mentioned later. So it is that 35 per cent of our population is still alien: 2,100 men, 1,300 women, mostly well along in years. Only fourteen aliens are under 16 years of age.

No less than 65 per cent of Manzanar's population are American citizens, born in the United States. Twenty-three hundred of them are children under 16; forty-one hundred are between 16 and 65 years of age; not a single one of the native-born is over 65.

Occupations and Skills

Upon arrival at Manzanar, this mass of humanity immediately was classified as to skills and past occupations. Only four categories list more than 200 names:

Clerks	750
Farmers	613
Gardeners	400
Students of college age	211

The balance are listed in no less than 186 occupational classes. So Manzanar was born with an exceedingly wide range of skills with which to work, plus executive ability, most of the professions, and many of the arts.

I hate to talk about human beings in terms of statistics. When I tell you that the list of valets includes Selznick's, John Barrymore's, and Charlie Chaplins's; that our five doctors of medicine stem from the Universities of Southern California, Rush Medical, and Johns Hopkins, you will gather what I might do if time permitted me to deal with personalities.

Manzanar at Work

To what use can this wealth of talent be put on a sagebrush plain with a short growing season?

The net factory is one answer. Five hundred American citizens stand daily in great sheds, weaving burlap patterns into nets which hang from a twenty-foot ceiling; patterns for summer, patterns for winter, patterns for the desert. Camouflage nets which go out from Manzanar by the carload to gun emplacements on the far-flung battle lines. Five hundred nets a day go out from Manzanar. Boys and girls mostly in their early twenties work to the music of phonograph carried by a loud speaker, their own equipment. They work with masks over their mouths against the dust. They work for the prize of a watermelon for the crew that puts out the most. They work with pride because camouflage net processing has been classified as skilled work and draws a monthly cash allowance of $16, where unskilled workers make only $12. They work perfectly aware that they are contributing to America's war effort, and all they ask is that their fellow citizens may hear - and some day understand.

All workers on anything thus connected with the war effort must be American citizens. The only man who is sullen and hurt about this net-making for Uncle Sam's armies is the old Japanese who came to America in his youth. He wants to work at the nets, but he is an "alien" and the Geneva Convention forbids his labor on anything connected with the war.

Another large group of workers moves each morning into the fields south of the Center, where the sage brush has been stripped from three hundred acres, irrigation ditches lined out, and crops put in. In spite of a late start there are fields of sweet corn, cucumbers, melons, radishes, turnips, tomatoes, all of which go to the mess halls of Manzanar as fast as harvested.

They have worked over the old orchards of Manzanar which had been abandoned for over ten years; pruned, and irrigated, and helped them to produce.

The largest single group of workers in this city is engaged in catering to community wants: food must be cooked for 10,000 mouths; latrines must be swept and washed; paper gathered; garbage dumped. Today our garbage goes into an open trench; tomorrow it will go into hogs. Carpenters are at work on offices, on quarters for personnel, on partitions for the women's latrines. Carpenters next week will be at work on school houses and a clothing factory. Painters, plumbers, electricians, auto mechanics are at work at their trades. They are putting linoleum down on every floor of the entire camp, against the cold and summer dust. A crew of civil engineers is running a line of levels to ascertain the possibility of diverting Symmes Creek into our water system. Men are fencing the center proper; men are marking the entire boundary of the 6,000 acre Relocation Area. Guarded by a Caucasian, a crew goes daily to the depot at Lone Pine ten miles away to unload freight. Ten miles is the limit of activity outside of the camp, except for 150 agricultural workers who went to southern Idaho to answer an urgent call of the sugar beet growers.

I drove up to see them a few weeks ago. In the little town of Rupert, in the Twin Falls district of the Snake River Valley, - it was on a Sunday, - we found those men from Manzanar lying on the grass in the public park; some were eating in the best restaurant when we went in to lunch; others were seen coming out of the movies; and they told me they had been made more than welcome in the town's churches.

But to return to Manzanar. One project it has which is unique. Under the direction of a scientist from the California Institute of Technology, an experiment in handling guayule under all sorts of closely controlled conditions is full of promise for the rubber industry of the future.

It is not only the men who work at Manzanar. Long before the arrival of sewing machines, there was one warehouse where women gathered daily to sew by hand aprons for the mess workers, nursery aprons for the youngsters, curtains for the womens' shower baths. As soon as we got word that a large clothing factory was to be established at Manzanar, three hundred women ranging in age from 16 to 60, enrolled in classes six days a week in sewing, pattern making, and drafting. One of the teachers, Miss Ogura, was formerly a professional designer with a custom clientele in Pasadena; the other a former costume designer for the Parker Shops in Hollywood.

The point I wish to stress is that Manzanar is not a concentration of idlers and boondogglers. When in full production next summer, this project will have under cultivation about 1500 acres, the produce all to be consumed on the premises or shipped to other relocation centers. We intend to raise hogs, chickens, and rabbits for our own consumption. Primarily, however, it will be a manufacturing center. By September 15th, a clothing factory designed to

supply all these relocation areas will be in full swing. Brooms, needles, soy bean products, and mattresses are among the scheduled factories to be put in operation. These will utilize every bit of labor available in the camp, both men and women.

The work day at Manzanar is eight hours, five days a week; four hours on Saturday. Work is voluntary. Tangible return to the worker is food, shelter, medical attention, undoubtedly clothing next winter, plus a "cash allowance" - we do not call it a wage - of $12 a month for common labor; $16 a month for such skills as nursing, net making, foremen, mechanics; $19 a month for such professional work as that of the doctors who man our hospital.

And in filling positions throughout the whole administrative staff, the policy has been to use evacuees whenever qualified, keeping the Caucasian personnel to a minimum.

Manzanar at Play

If Manzanar works with a will, Manzanar also knows how to play. These barren sand lots opened up as fire breaks promptly became recreation areas. And what do you suppose is the "recreation" of the old people, of the generation which came years ago from Japan, the aliens of the camp? Victory Gardens in the recreation area, the greenest spot in Manzanar, where 300 families cooperate in weeding, irrigating, and cultivating. Every bit of food so produced lessens the cost of this camp to Uncle Sam.

Athletics are as popular with the young as gardens with the old. No less than 100 soft-ball teams have been organized and it is a poor night when a dozen games are not going on simultaneously. After vain efforts to secure a wrestling mat, the boys went into the desert, cut four gnarled trees for corner posts, lugged in sand to soften the fall, and lo! a wrestling arena where nightly may be seen the various types of oriental wrestling as well as catch-as catch-can. There was no basketball court, but a basket nailed to a cottonwood tree serves just as well for goal.

A former employee of the Paramount studios, a free-lance Hollywood technical director, and the former proprietor of a Los Angeles amusement hall got together and organized the Community Players. I have seen as many as 1500 sitting on the bare ground of a Sunday night before their improvised stage, enjoying a program of magician's tricks, harmonica solos, songs, dancing, one act comedies, and Hawaiian melodies.

Up in the southwest corner is the only running water within the Center proper, and there they have developed a picnic ground where watermelons can be cooled in Bairs Creek, with rustic bridges and pits for weenie roasts. An open fire, a hot dog, and music under the stars.

No description of Manzanar at play can omit mention of their music. I quote from a news item for June 16th:

> "Approximately 1000 music lovers gathered under the cottonwood trees in the firebreak between blocks 10 and 11 on Sunday night for the first in a weekly series of recorded symphony programs. Waxed discs of Strauss, Debussy, Tschaikowsky, and other masters were heard over the public address system.

The public address system is their own; the records are their own; the idea was their own.

What songs would you expect to hear at a Community Sing in a relocation center? America, the Beautiful, Home on the Range; Oh, Susanna, Loch Lomond.

Manzanar has produced a cowboy trio that would be good in any man's town; numerous string quartettes that at least go well with a hot dog and a picnic fire; hula dancers and Hawaiian crooners who remind one poignantly of the outposts of our tropical empire.

Here as elsewhere in America, however, the most popular music is that of the dance. I attended a Bruin-Trojan dance sponsored by former students and alumni of U.S.C. and U.C.L.A. One hundred and sixty couples were there. With a few daubs of paint on electric globes they had softened down the light; with strips of colored paper they had broken the harsh lines of the bare barracks; paper flowers of their own fabrication were a riot of color. What of the dancers? Their clothes were neat, plain American; their slang was pure American; their gum chewing would mark them American in any port of the seven seas. They danced the dances of Hollywood and Wilshire Boulevard: tango, rhumba, jive, and jitterbug. And they danced well.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS: Health

On that particular night, about midnight, a policeman entered the dance hall and touched Dr. James Goto on the shoulder. I followed him to the "hospital", watched him get into his white robe and scrub up. The operating room was the end of a barrack constructed of green lumber that had opened wide cracks to the wind and the dust. But the cracks had been stuffed and place washed out with a hose. The lights were adequate, the room temperature right, the operating table reasonably steady. Deft nurses had sterilized his instruments and threaded his needles. A graduate of Rush Medical, also an evacuee, did a spinal anesthesia. Then Doctor Goto stepped to the table and proceeded to perform an appendectomy, assisted by his wife, also a doctor of medicine, also a graduate of the University of Southern California. When we went off to bed at 2 a.m., she stayed on to deliver the newest addition to Manzanar's growing population.

Staffed by five evacuee doctors, three graduates of the University of Southern California, one from Rush Medical, the fifth, a doctor of public health from Johns Hopkins, with five graduate evacuee nurses, this hospital of the barracks between March 22 and June 30 handled 6528 out-patients and 568 in-patients. There were 116 surgical cases, 19 births, 28,000 typhoid inoculations. Practically the entire population was immunized against smallpox. Nearly 2500 received dental treatment by dentists who were using their own equipment, and of course without charge. Over 500 food handlers and diet girls were examined; 111 Wassermans were taken. Of five deaths within that period, not a single one was chargeable either to contagious disease or to surgery. An outbreak of athlete's foot was the only thing approaching an epidemic since the opening of the camp.

We moved last week into a new 250-bed hospital where the sand does not blow through the walls and where blood-stained sheets do not have to be laundered by hand. But so long as hard work well performed commands the respect of men, what went on in that makeshift hospital at Manzanar during the first four months under the guidance of skillful, hard-working Dr. James Goto, is something of which California may well be proud.

The health of Manzanar at the start is about the health of the average population group of 10,000 in California. But being concentrated within a square, with parents on the lookout for communicable disorders and a modern hospital with which to combat disease, it should be possible for our medical staff to locate and isolate every case of active tuberculosis; and to wipe out venereal disease 100 per cent. Disease from malnutrition cannot occur. We are segregating those cases which require special diet in a block adjacent to the hospital.

Food and Water

In this item of public health, food, water, and sanitation are basic. Our water supply comes from the snow of the high Sierra, down Shepherd Creek, and through a chlorinator. It is analyzed twice each month by the Department of Public Health of the State of California. One of the wells of the Los Angeles water system, with a flow sufficient for all domestic needs, is also tied into our system for fire protection and as insurance against drought. Manzanar uses well over a million gallons of water a day; more than 100 gallons per person. Most of this, of course, is for irrigation and for watering the lawns which are beginning to spring up between barracks all over the camp.

The food of Manzanar is simple, but abundant, well-cooked, and nourishing. To meet the taste of many of the evacuees, rice is substituted for other starch staples, and condiments to which they are partial are purchased. Food costs the United States a fraction

over 38 cents per day per person, plus the labor of evacuee cooks and helpers. In our refrigerating plant there is generally hanging several carloads of meat; and there are refrigerators of generous dimensions in each mess hall.

Sewage Disposal and Sanitation

If food and water can be called excellent, sewage disposal at Manzanar must be labeled superb. There is nearing completion a plant for treating liquid sewage which is the last word in scientific perfection.

Camp sanitation also is good. Latrines are cleaned daily; trash cans stand between barracks and are used. We have an unsolved rat problem, but flies are well under control. The camp, its residents, and the clothes they wear all impress the visitor as neat and clean.

EDUCATION

Granted a roof against the rain, and food, the average American family thinks next of education. It is no different at Manzanar. Dr. Genevieve Carter came down from Berkeley to look over this newest regrouping of California's population, was persuaded to accept the post of Director of Education, and left almost immediately to recruit teachers. When she returned a fortnight later she found no less than 2000 pupils organized in classes under volunteer instructors. Mothers had not been slow to grasp at opportunity. With no chairs provided, they lugged their own to the recreation rooms or found scrap lumber to make benches. The schools of Los Angeles sent up text books by the hundred so that pupils who had been torn from their schools in March could make up lost ground. These volunteer classes are now regularly at work under the guidance of three Caucasian teachers.

There is another education group which typifies much of the spirit of Manzanar. It is headed by Mrs. Nishikawa, a master of arts from Berkeley Theological Seminary; indeed, to her all credit is due. Its purpose is Americanization of older evacuees who never learned the language of the country of their adoption; who today, for the first time, are finding sufficient leisure to study the basic English required for life in camp; and to learn something of the Constitution of the United States, of American history, and of the spirit of American institutions.

Seven nursery-kindergarten schools are in daily session, conducted for youngsters from three to six years of age. Approximately fifty children are in daily attendance at each nursery.

"Our biggest problem," writes Mrs. Kitagawa, "is the lack of materials such as paper for cutting and drawing, clay, as well as swings, jungle jims, educational toys, and partitions to separate our different age groups." Nevertheless, the work goes on.

Our latest addition to the childrens' group in Manzanar are some 70 orphans from the Southern California Japanese Childrens' Home, the Catholic Maryknoll Home in Los Angeles, and the Salvation Army Home in San Francisco.

In the future and still to be built are two elementary schools, the Manzanar High School, and an auditorium which will seat 1000 students. The work of construction will be done entirely by evacuee labor. These schools will be part of the public school system of California; teaching standards must measure up in every way. Not many of the evacuees have teaching credentials, so the schools for the most part must be staffed by Caucasians. The bill, of course, will be paid by the United States and not by Inyo County.

For those college students whose courses were suddenly interrupted, two things are contemplated: Some will be permitted and assisted to complete their work at mid-western universities; for others, university extension courses will be held at Manzanar.

BLOCK LEADERS

One of the announced policies of the War Relocation Authority is that evacuees shall have an opportunity to participate in the government of the Relocation Area. Our block leaders represent Manzanar's initial step in this direction. Chosen from time to time as one block after another filled up, some by an elective process, some by appointment, collectively they serve as a temporary municipal council pending the organization of a formal interior government.

Each block leader has an office within his block and upon his shoulders devolves all manner of duties. His is the responsibility of seeing that latrines are kept clean, that burnt-out fuses and light globes are replaced, that the night check is made which tells us daily whether or not anyone has left camp, that fire hazards are not permitted to accumulate. If someone plays the saxophone too late at night, he listens to the complaints next morning. Roof repairs, family disputes, interpretation of government policy are among his functions. His office distributes soap, mops, buckets, blankets, grass seed, and brooms. The organization of Boy Scouts, the calling of block meetings, the writing of letters for the illiterate, all these duties and many more fall upon the broad shoulders of the block leaders.

It is a trait of human nature the world over to look to maturity for leadership. I have pointed out how the elders among these evacuees are, of necessity, aliens. Tod Akahoshi is typical. They call him the "Mayor of Manzanar." Tod is a graduate of Stanford University in the class of 1913; a member of Stanford's Rugby team in 1912 and '13, formerly executive secretary of the Wholesale Japanese Produce Commission Merchants Association in Los Angeles. He is able, sane, and fair. But he is an alien; and there are those among the American-born who would throw off the leadership of their elders. It is just one of the many knotty problems with which a project director has to deal.

LAW AND ORDER

This whole question of internal government is one which has not yet assumed definite shape at any Relocation Center. Fortunately, law and order has so far been an insignificant problem. By and large, these evacuees are an exceedingly well-behaved group. The lawyers are not entirely agreed as to just where we should go if this were not the case. Federal Courts have no machinery for handling petty crimes and misdemeanors outside of the National Parks, where United States Commissioners take jurisdiction. The county government in Owens Valley is not particularly eager to be burdened with Manzanar's cases. So, after once calling in the Justice of Peace to dispose of the proceeds from a stud poker game raided by the interior police, we finally set up a mechanism of our own.

The block leaders chose three, one a lawyer, one a social worker, all citizens; and the administration appointed three employees. These six constitute a sort of grand jury which hears evidence and makes recommendations to the Project Director. The latter may not impose a fine, but he may impose a jail sentence. A serious crime would, of course, be tried in the county seat at Independence.

Order is maintained at Manzanar by an interior police force of some seventy evacuees headed by five Caucasians, a chief and four lieutenants, so that one is on duty at police headquarters at all time of the day and night. No one carries arms within the Center.

MILITARY POLICE

The Relocation Center is that district, approximately a mile square, in which all the buildings of Manzanar are located. It is fenced with an ordinary three-strand barbed-wire fence across the front and far enough back from the road on either side to control all automobile traffic. Four towers with flood lights overlook the Center; the Relocation area is the whole 6,000 tract of which the Center is but a part.

As soon as the boundaries of the area are completely marked, evacuees will be permitted to move therein between daylight and dark. There is a company of Military Police stationed just south of the Center, whose function it is to maintain a patrol about the entire area during the day; and to man the towers and patrol the Center at night. A telephone is being installed in each tower so that if a fire breaks out, it can immediately be reported. The whole camp is under the eyes of these sentries. While evacuees are required to be within the camp itself, there is no curfew.

WHAT FREEDOM AT MANZANAR

It is the desire and the intention of the War Relocation Authority to grant evacuees every freedom consistent with military necessity. The first is the right to publish their own newspaper. The MANZANAR FREE PRESS, first published as a mimeographed sheet on April 11, has

developed into a four-page printed tabloid supported entirely by advertising and subscriptions. It is published three times a week. We intend that it shall be free in fact as well as in name; a press with full editorial freedom to criticise at will, and subject only to the restraints which all American journalism accepts as a necessity in time of war.

The second freedom is the right to receive news of the outside world. Newspapers from San Francisco and Los Angeles to New York are on sale daily at the Manzanar canteen, and all current magazines which are in demand. While short-wave radio sets are barred, there is no restriction to listening to whatever an ordinary receiving set may gather from the air.

There is entire freedom to write and to receive uncensored mail. Manzanar post office is a branch of the Los Angeles post office, and is operated no differently from any branch.

Freedom of religious worship is an actuality much prized. On the establishment of the camp, the gates were besieged by representatives of every sect with which Los Angeles abounds; so the rule was laid down that the demand for a particular pastor must come from a group within the camp. Catholics, Episcopalians, Methodists, Quakers, hold services regularly, so do those of the Buddhist faith. Only Shintoism is barred.

Every Tuesday the local bank opens an office in Manzanar and does a regular banking business. The business of Manzanar is not to be sneezed at. The monthly payroll is around $75,000; sales at our community stores gross around $2,000 a day.

These stores are among the most interesting developments at Manzanar. When the Army canteen which functioned under the Wartime Civil Control Administration pulled out, we were offered $50,000 for the concession. This, of course, was refused. Instead, we gave out the word that the evacuees were going to run their own stores. Without any guarantee by government or anything in the nature of collateral, Los Angeles merchants promptly stocked the stores with some $20,000 worth of merchandise. They were not taking much of a chance.

Thirteen tons of watermelons have been sold between Tuesday and Saturday. Two hundred boxes of oranges and ten cases of grapefruit were sold each week. One hundred seventy-five cases of soda pop are received every other day. Sales in the clothing department are not quite so active, but still substantial. Thirty thousand dollars a month passes over the counter.

These stores are about to be organized as community cooperatives. For the past three weeks, evening meetings have been held to educate interested groups in the mechanics and principles of cooperatives. When I left Manzanar, they were debating whether to use profits to reduce prices to the consumer or to devote at least a considerable share to community relief needs.

In addition to stores, it is proposed to organize barber and beauty shops, shoe repair shops, and later on a theatre as cooperative community enterprises.

MANZANAR RUMORS

No description of Manzanar would be complete without mention of the luxuriant crop of rumors which circulate both within and without the Center. No tale is too wild to be believed.

"If prices go up or if there's a food shortage on the Coast," says rumor, "they're going to forget us here. We'll starve. There's not even a day's supply on hand." And we find sack after sack of rice hidden away in the frightened man's apartment.

"Say, there was a riot at the net factory yesterday. Everybody walked out; they had to call the soldiers out." Investigation shows a gang of 16-year old youngsters calling from the side lines, "Come on, let's go play baseball."

The one that really startled me was the day an official in the United States Public Health Service came rushing into Manzanar to inquire about the "terrible epidemic". "We heard that there had been two hundred deaths." At that particular moment in history, Manzanar had yet to experience its first death.

I have before me a rather penetrating memorandum laid on my desk by an intelligent young reporter on the subject of these unsubstantiated fears:

"Are the Isseis, or the Niesis, generally more disconsolate over their confinement here?" he asks. "Each time we hear the young people's cases, of what wonderful career opportunities they had just before the war broke out, we think that their cases are the tragic ones. When we hear how the elderly residents are withdrawing within themselves like the taunted snails, we think their cases are the tragic ones.

"An elderly Japanese block leader candidate came to our office last night and leisurely monologued for three hours, telling us his entire career in America from the time of his arrival in this country to the time of his arrival at Manzanar. His narrative does not differ too greatly from those of other isseis.

"The point is, his casual reference to the attitudes of the elderly Japanese indicated to us how deeply humiliated, disappointed, and unreconciled they are to the turn of events which brought them and their children here. Silently, it would seem, they are apologizing to their children for the misfortune they brought upon their offspring citizens of this country.

"From morning to night, (I am still quoting) they bear in mind that they must be humble ... The opinions of the issei, they often feel, need not be taken into account here because they are enemy aliens, because they are old.

"This attitude tends to create pessimism; which in turn disinclines them from seeking to learn about the progress of this project and its facilities. Because they do not try to know, to keep up with the developments here, they create within themselves the cancerous growth of uncertainty.

"From such an attitude, for instance, comes the frenzied desire to some families to hoard dozens of sacks of rice. . ."

It would be quite wrong, however, to end on that melancholy note, for it is not the dominant note of Manzanar. The morale of these evacuees on the whole is excellent. The camp has reacted eagerly to every opportunity to show its Americanism and pride in this country. A memorable scene occurred on "I am an American Day" when a Japanese Boy Scout troop led the hundreds assembled in the pledge to the flag and in singing the national anthem. I believe nearly three thousand poppies were sold in Manzanar for the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars. When a committee of leading citizens representing all Owens Valley appealed to the block leaders to participate in the national bond campaign, they challenged Bishop, the Valley's largest town, to a race. Except for the fact that the government was three months late in paying off for work performed, I am sure Manzanar would have won. As yet another evidence that these evacuees are still an integral part of America, at the last registration of youths between the ages of 18 and 20, four hundred and thirty-two young men of Manzanar were registered for the draft.

Of more significance than any of these, however, was a petition being circulated last week asking the President of the United States for permission to volunteer and fight on the European front. It was not an idle gesture. It was the deliberate act of mature men, American men, born in California, who know no other country than these United States, and who are willing to lay down their lives for their country's cause. There are many men in Manzanar whose loyalty is no more to be questioned than that of any of us here.

Tokie Slokum is in Manzanar. He was regimental sergeant major in the regiment made famous in the last war by Sergeant York. He successfully fought through Congress for himself and similar aliens who served in the United States Army, their right to American citizenship. He accepts his evacuation to Manzanar as the contribution of a loyal American citizen to the winning of the present war.

Upon that note, I close.

For the government of the United States which I have the honor to represent, I desire to repeat the words of the Authority's first director, Milton Eisenhower, the brother of the General who commands in the European theatre of operations: "For the War Relocation Authority," he wrote, "I wish to say that we intend to demonstrate to the world -- to our friends and to our enemies alike--that this nation, grim in the fight it is waging, can at the same time be tolerant, patient and considerate in handling this human problem of wartime migration and resettlement."

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